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POEMS

By G. SUMMERS

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PREFACE.

In offering this little book to such as may be pleased to read it, I must give in extenuation the circumstances and events whose influence brought upon me the curse of writing poetry. At the time of my birth and till the middle of my sixth year, my father was a schoolmaster, and dwelling near the school-house, I was taken very early to school; and when a little over five years of age, I could read the Testament with tolerable fluency.

I remember the last time the superintendent, a Rev. Mr. Dose, of the Church of England, came to the school, he selected a chapter and gave it to me to read; and when I had done, he patted me on the head in a complimentary manner. When we moved to this province, shortly after, this clergyman desired that my parents would leave me with him, promising to educate me for the Church; but my

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mother would not consent. It would perhaps have been better for me if she had; but it was, doubtless, fortunate for the Church that she did not. But to the point: As a reward for my ability in reading, some of our friends made me a present of a book—a small book of about one hundred pages, bearing on the cover the word “Poems” in large gilt letters. It was a compiled work, and was the seed of which this is the fruit. It was to me a great book. I feel its influence at this moment, and will ever feel it till sensation can thrill my bosom no more. During the few months that I remained at school I often begged permission to take it to school, which was sometimes granted, and then I was in my element. As I pored over these poems, I indulged in the fancy that when I grew to manhood I would be a poet; but I had no idea of fame. About the middle of my sixth year we moved to this province, and in the excitement and confusion of moving my precious book was lost, which caused me not a little regret for a time; but it wore away, as

all childish regrets. But, as Cowper says of his mother, "although I mourned less, I never forgot," nor did I forget my resolve to be a poet. Life in this province was very different from what it had been. My father settled on a wild lot of land, and I was soon put to work, with my elder brother, and during the residue of my minority I knew nothing but the hardest of labor; but I often felt the influence of my lost book, and thought of my desire to be a composer of poems, but felt little hope of attaining my wish. But I entertained a dim, uncertain hope that I would some time accomplish it. Whenever I thought seriously of it, I generally dismissed the subject with the conclusion that such a notion was common to all boys. When about fourteen years of age a copy of Burns' poems fell into my hands, and the perusal of them, or such as I could understand, fanned my desire to a flame. But I now began to see the obstacles in my way, the want of education being the chief; and I was very unhappy and discontent. It was soon

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after this that I made my first attempt at verse, which pleased me so well that I continued to practice the art, but none of my efforts ever tasted ink.

When yet a child in life's elysian spring,
And fancy first assay'd her timid wing,
With but my mother dearer to my heart,
I nursed a nestling of poetic art ;
But hardship never yet in song express'd
Expell'd the cherish'd fondling from my breast.

During a number of years succeeding I composed only at distant intervals. At the age of twenty-four I received my share of the family estate, amounting to nearly one thousand dollars; and now came the time to determine on my occupation of life. My education consisted in reading and writing imperfectly ; and if I could have been content with that for life, I could have been rich and respected ; but I am neither. I supposed myself a "well-to-do" farmer, happy in compound ignorance, neither knowing nor caring for anything but what pertained to my mode of making money, and soon concluded that it was "something better not to be."

I therefore resolved to spend the greater part of my money in education, and then turn it to the best account that I could. I spent over two years in our common school, and two terms at the Normal School. During this time I composed only one little poem, but I made a number of vain efforts to get some of my poems into the magazines. I learned, to my disappointment, that there was no demand for that kind of goods, and no money in the business; and I could not live without money, so at length I very reluctantly abandoned the poetical profession, and turned all my attention to money-making. I courted Mammon in vain till I was thirty-eight years of age, at which time I was reduced to day labor as the only means of supporting my family, which consisted of seven; and saw no prospect of getting into any business or situation above a laborer. Such was my position at that period. And now I put to myself this question: Shall I, after the time and money spent in education, and the hopes and fancies indulged

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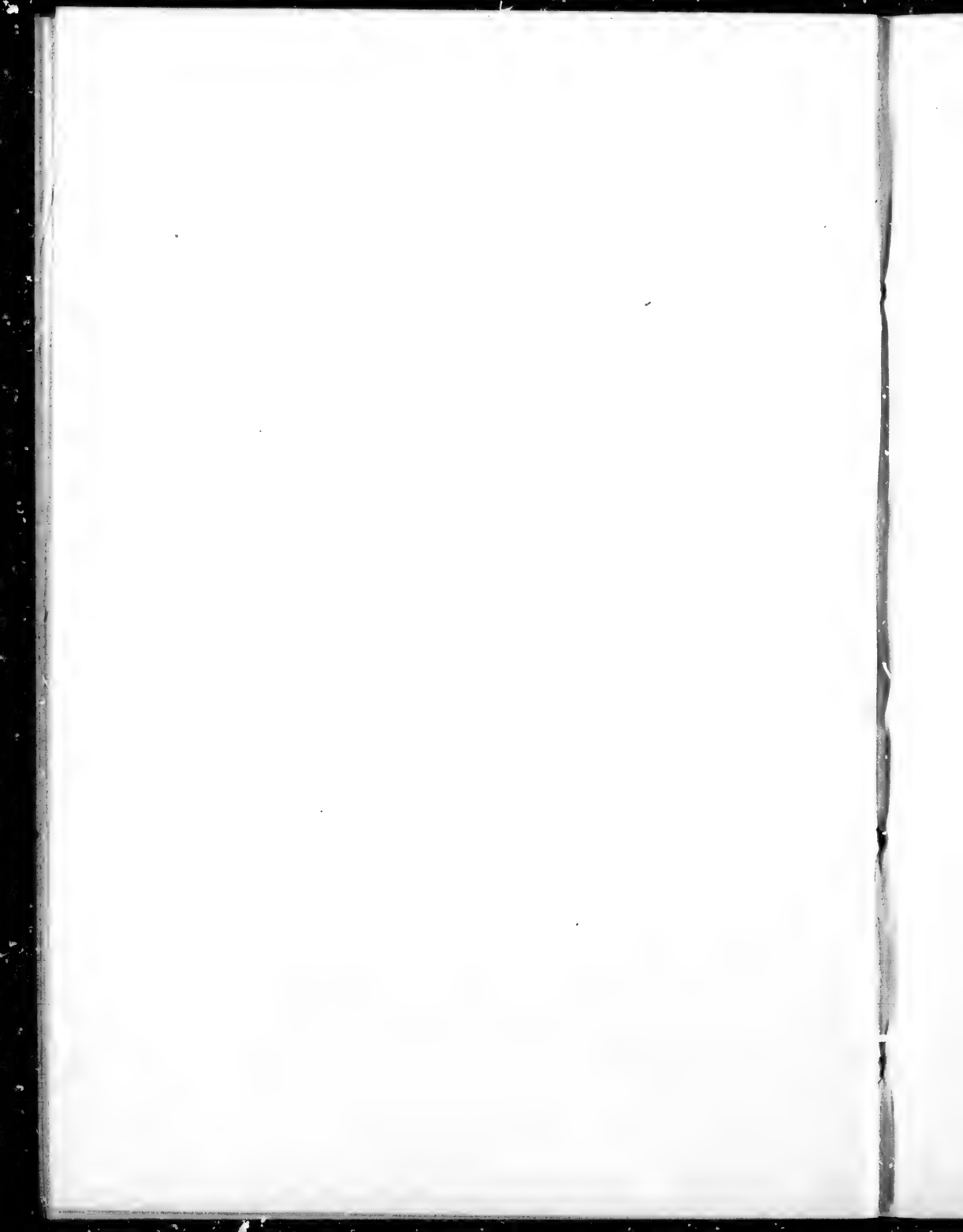
in time past, resign myself to the lot of a laborer, and be the dog and slave of others who may be my inferiors in all but wealth? My spirit answered, No. Labor I must for a living; but I will be more than a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. I will now fulfil the resolve of my childhood—I will write the long-promised book; I will lose no time by it; I will do it over and above all other work that I can do. Although the task is the most congenial, I would not have done it if I could have done anything else. There are untold thousands of men who are content to labor only; but they are congenial to the life, and never thought of anything above it. I am not; I am a drudge only by necessity. I am not above labor; but I am above labor as the sole occupation of life. So I began my task, and I do not dissemble when I say that I have done very little thus far; but it must not be forgotten that I have done a day's work every day during the five years that have elapsed since I began, save three days only. I think the only place where

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you can find another man who has done five years labor, with only three days lost time, is the penitentiary. I do not say this boastfully, but as an excuse for the smallness of my book ; for I would rather I could boast of two lines that pleased me, and there are not many in the book that do please me.

I have now given the reasons for writing this little book ; and I add, that had any avenue to common respect of men been open to me, I would not have aspired to the undignified position of poet to a people who do not want one. If the friend who gave me the fatal book had given me a little "shell" and oars to match, I might perhaps have won an enviable position among my countrymen ; but fate designed me for an humbler walk in life, and I accept its decree without vain regret.

G. SUMMERS.



SUMMERS' POEMS.

My Forest Home of Childhood.

Thy forest, Windsor, and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the muse's seats.
—*Pope.*

Nor muse nor monarch's seat, nor storied halls
Knew that wild forest that my boyhood knew :
The pioneer's log house, with bark-clad walls,
Was most magnificent, and they were few.

Such was our forest home—my mother dear
Again in memory sweeps its spacious hearth;
My father, wearied with his toils severe,
Rebukes his noisy children's evening mirth.

Or in a martial mood, I hear him tell
Of famous Waterloo, or Trafalgar,
Or how the victor and the vanquished fell,
Wolfe and Montcalm, or other scenes of war.

'Twas winter when we entered this abode,
And thither we were borne upon a sled
Drawn by a yoke of oxen, and the road
Was where our father's pilot footsteps led.

The heavy beasts, laborious and slow,
 Floundered along on the untrodden way,
 Half swimming through the deep new-fallen snow
 O'er which they bore us on the floating sleigh.

Onward they toil'd, and when the queen of night
 Assumed the late dominion of the sun,
 We had assembled round the fire bright,
 And a new era in our lives begun.

Deep in the forest axe had never scarr'd
 Save to erect a home, we play'd and slept ;
 The giant timber o'er our slumbers warr'd
 With the wild elements that o'er us swept.

Secure in helpless innocence, we knew
 No anxious fears that evil would betide :
 Death comes not often where his prey are few,
 Nor were we conscious yet that children died.

O happy time ! that vanished all too soon,
 When we supposed that we would always be !
 When care was yet in embryo, or the moon,
 And death a fabled monster of the sea !

Our father's arm was strong, and strong his will
 To wield its strength, though skill'd in arts of
 school ;
 His axe resounds in wistful memory still
 And still his voice expounds the "Golden Rule."

And soon the trees that o'er our dwelling tower'd
 Fell by the blade that forest heroes wield;
 The cabin, erst their spreading arms embower'd,
 Was soon the centre of a brushy field.

However cold the morning, when it broke
 Our father's axe was heard upon the tree:
 The frost-bound forest wafts afar his stroke,
 The morning herald of industry.

Spring came—the trees put on their green attire;
 The exiled songsters of the woods returned—
 Our little fields were cleared by aid of fire,
 The logs and brush, and all but stumps were
 burned.

Corn and potatoes in the virgin soil
 We planted then, and made a garden rude;
 And nature, bounteous to the sons of toil,
 Returned a grateful yield for winter food.

And as the sunny summer rolled away,
 We gambol'd in the margin of the wild;
 And new-born joys were added every day
 To the unnumbered pleasures of a child.

We watched the little birdies as they flew
 From tree to tree, and sang their native lays;
 And as familiar with their kinds we grew,
 We gave them names suggested by their ways.

* My elder brother and I.

Bird-of-the-bush was one that never came
 Within the field, as some were wont to do ;
 Its hunn'd the path of man, and hence the name--
 O that I were a bird to shun it too !

The robins built their nests upon the fence,
 And though we never sought them to molest,
 Our frequent visitations gave offence,
 Too late revealed by the forsaken nest.

We often wondered how they had been taught
 To build such pretty nests of moss and clay ;
 And many an hour in mud and moss we wrought
 In vain, to build as good a nest as they.

And now and then the rôle of brave we play'd,
 With bow and arrow, tomahawk and knife,
 In paint and mimic teggery array'd
 We sallied forth to visionary strife.

We scalped the mossy trees for fallen foes,
 And at our waists the mossy scalps we hung ;
 And with the trophies of our dexterous blows
 Suspended thus, we whooped and danced and
 sung.

Another winter came—another field
 By force of arms was from the forest won ;
 And when another spring the earth revealed,
 The clearing process was again begun.

And we assisted in the busy spell ;

We gathered chips and set the brush on fire ;
And this was work, but it was play as well,
Till we were sated, and began to tire.

But when the play-work could no longer bear
The double name beneath the torrid sun,
We were respited to the shade, and there,
" Babes in the Wood," asleep, we play'd till noon.

And after dinner and it's hour of rest,
Our father, needful of our mite of aid,
With lavish praise revived our morning zest,
And we returned like men for service paid.

But when the forest donn'd its summer guise,
Again in rapture to its shades we flew ;
And as in forest craft we grew more wise,
The circuit of our rambles wider grew.

We kept our latitude by certain trees,
Known by unwonted attributes possess'd,
That we had seen before and noted—these
Relieved the 'wilderer's sameness of the rest.

And when another autumn strew'd the ground
With faded foliage, we had far explored
The woody wild that girted us around,
And nuts, and grapes, and plums in plenty
stored.

Another winter came—another field,
 By force of arms was from the forest won;
 And we thus early were employed to wield
 Auxiliary steel; and life's long task began.

For implements of labor, we resigned
 Our bow and arrows and our fishing gear;
 But to the "gentle craft" we still inclined,
 And were indulged with two half-days a year.

The first was after hoeing of the corn,
 And just before we harvested the hay;
 The other after all the fields were shorn,
 And all their produce safely stow'd away.

Nor other sport than this we ever knew:
 To unrespited toil we grew resigned;
 And year by year our fields in number grew,
 And we in stature, but untutored mind.

Thus passed our days, in labor to obtain
 Wherewith to live—an all-engrossing theme;
 Life seemed commission'd only to sustain
 Its barren self, without a higher dream.

But in my bosom lurked a secret flame,
 A weed spontaneous in congenial soil,
 A thirst for something undefined by name,
 Some higher summit to be scaled by toil.

At times it slumbered, but anon awoke
 To life, intensified by its repose;
 Unwonted visions on my fancy broke,
 And stately "castles in the air" arose.

But, not unlike a nursling of the grove,
 To graminivorous ravishers a prey,
 'Gainst unpropitious tendencies it strove,
 Through years of blighting toil, then pined away.

The Phantom of the Sea.

A ship, whose name had faded from the earth,
 When Noah's mother gave the captain birth,
 Sailed from a port of which there's nothing known
 To one whose name has perished with her own.
 Nor can I sing her captain's name and race;
 These too have perished in the lapse of space.
 Nor does tradition tell that boist'rous gales,
 Or gentle breezes filled her snowy sails
 Along her famous trip; but as she near'd
 The nameless haven unto which she steer'd,
 The heavens frown'd, and a terrific storm
 Burst with dread fury on her staggering form.
 Though shapely in her mould, and buoyant too,
 (Perhaps of cedar that on Leb'non grew,

She was constructed, or of gopher wood—
 For ships were built of such before the flood)
 She could not in that dreadful sea obey
 Her helm, and drifted from her course away.
 Her stern commander, resolute to gain
 The 'foresaid haven, strove with might and main;
 But as expedients failed he grew enraged,
 And, sailor-like, his ruffled sea assuaged
 By wonted blasphemy, and loudly swore
 By the Commander of both sea and shore
 That ere his watch another hour could tell,
 His ship should be in port, or he in hell!
 Another moment, hurried to the vast
 Insatiate abyss of moments past,
 Had scarcely been, when lo! a voice on high
 Pronounced this judgment, issued from the sky:—
 "This ship is doomed immutable; and they
 Who are on board, shall there forever stay;
 They all shall die; for every mortal must;
 But never shall again return to dust:
 They shall at once arise, though wan and pale,
 And phantom-like, to wield the wonted sail.
 Material cable shall no more restrain
 This ship, nor she arrive in port again;
 The pole no longer shall her magnet sway,
 Her destiny alone shall point her way;
 And she shall ever seek, where tempests roar,
 With speed that never ship attained before.
 A dreaded omen of disaster she
 Shall be to all—the Phantom of the Sea."

Thus was she doomed, and her astonished crew,
 Benumbed with terror, knew not what to do.
 But now her destiny assumed command,
 And he that speechless stood with helm in hand,
 Steered for the foamy vast; and soon the shore
 Faded forever from the crew she bore.

He whose command 'twas death to disobey
 An hour ago, was now as weak as they
 Who had so lately feared him; and they would
 Have cast him headlong in the boiling flood—
 The fate of Jonah surely had been played,
 A shark performing what the whale was said
 To have performed; and all had been as plain
 As truth, except disgorging him again.
 But they had heard the dread avenger say,
 "Who are on board shall there forever stay,"
 And dared not move to counteract his will,
 For fear of being punished further still.
 Thus he escaped the vengeance of his crew
 That he had lorded, and on whom he drew
 The wrath of heaven—but we may assume
 That each was worthy of the common doom.

Their sempeternal voyage now begun,
 They with chronometers and charts were done;
 The sun's meridian altitude, that so
 Essential was, they sought no more to know;
 Their latitude and longitude were hence
 A computation of Omnipotence.

The warring elements that wonted erst
 To daunt the bravest, now might do their worst;
 They feared no more the fury of the blast

To rend the sail or snap the bending mast.
 Their ship was now insured 'gainst wind and tide,
 And time's disorganizing touch beside ;
 And they, her crew, were co-eternal ; Death
 Was but a moment of suspended breath,
 From which they would regenerate arise
 And co-exist in that eternal guise.

What common or uncommon scenes betide
 On board the fated ship before they died ?
 When did they die ? and which of them was first
 To drain the mortal cup and know the worst ?
 When the defunct arose to join the corps
 From which he had been called not long before,
 What were the feelings that their looks express'd ?
 With what emotion heaved each mortal breast ?
 Did some inertly stare, and some appall'd,
 Rush from the presence of the dead recall'd ?
 Or had anticipation of the scene
 Made it less fearful than it would have been
 To ordinary mortals ? Were they fed
 As were the Israelites ? or had they bread
 Enough in cargo ? These are all unknown
 Save to Infinite Knowledge and their own.
 Suffice to know they died within the span
 Of time allotted to the creature Man.
 Death came at times, till all on board had paid
 The common tribute on transgression laid ;
 But for his spoils the shark pursued in vain,
 For as he cut them down they rose again.
 They rose in the same flesh and the same heart
 That in the mortal breast had played its part,

Revivèd upon a self-sustaining plan
 As first it beat within the first of man ;
 But to the image of their God they bear
 No other semblance faint ; their features wear
 The mortal agony, remorse and woe,
 When nature yielded to the conquering foe.

Since that ill-fated voyage long ago ;—
 Ask not how long, for they are not that know
 When from the angry skies the fiat came
 That sealed her doom, and thence deduce her name—
 Till now, the "Phantom of the Sea" has been
 A bird of tempest, but in tempest seen.
 Just as the cuckoo on her joyous wing
 Pursues the footsteps of rejoicing Spring,
 She in her one, immutable array
 Pursues where tempest leads the stormy way.
 "Whence comest thou, and to what haven bound ?"
 Has often hailed her ; but no other sound
 Than of the waves recoiling from her side,
 To that interrogation yet replied.
 But not unconsciously inert they stand,
 Like statues graven by the sculptor's hand ;
 Their solemn gestures frequently display
 The conscious tenant of the ghastly clay.
 Why do they not make answer ? they have
 tongues—

Tongues of immortal flesh, and equal lungs ?
 'Twas a blasphemous tongue that erst provoked
 The wrath of heaven, and their doom invoked,
 And from that data we may predicate
 Eternal silence added to their fate.

Of all unwelcome omens of the sea,
 She is the Empress—none so dread as she ;
 At her appearance apprehension takes
 Possession of the bold ; the bravest quakes ;
 And when in latitudes where storms prevail,
 The watch on high descries a distant sail,
 A secret dread announces it to be
 The sea-doomed herald of catastrophe.

PART SECOND.

‘ I saw her once,’ a hoary seaman said,
 And drew a long, long breath, and shook his head ;
 ‘ A dreadful day—the roughest of the three—
 The last that ever dawned on all but me,
 Was drawing to a close, and anxious eyes
 Surveyed alternately the sea and skies ;
 But none were more than anxious, for they knew
 The ship was ably man’d and nearly new.
 I’d just resigned the helm to Albert Style,
 And sought my hammock to repose awhile ;
 But some unwonted feelings in my breast
 Denied my body more than wakeful rest ;
 And, as I lay, the simultaneous cry,
 ‘ A ship ! a ship ! ’ announced her very nigh ;
 And ere I’d time to move the captain roar’d,
 ‘ Starboard the helm—she’s coming right on
 board ! ’

As from her nest the frightened swallow starts,
 And through the broken pane impetuous darts,
 So from my hammock through the hatch I flew,

Impell'd by fear that what I heard was true.
 But when I reached the deck, the sudden fright
 As soon abated when a second sight
 Reveal'd the stranger veering off our track ;
 And we were also on the contra tack.
 A moment more and we were side by side,
 Their gunwales distant less than half a stride,
 While we were drenched by the descending spray
 Shot by her prow that cleaved her billowy way.
 The captain, with intent to ask her name,
 The port to which she sailed and whence she
 came,

Had rais'd his trumpet, but he paused— he gazed—
 He shudder'd, dropp'd it, and exclaimed, amazed :
 ' Zounds, it's the Phantom ! ' and his martial air
 Was gone—the captain was no longer there.
 But other eyes were on the stranger too ;
 All saw and felt the same astounding view—
 All recognized her, and the sudden fear,
 That an eventful night, and death were near,
 Struck every seaman's features with a hue
 That spoke him kinsman of her ghastly crew.

Swift as an eagle in the pathless sky
 Shoots from a point, the Phantom darted by,
 Nor gave a sign of what was to befall,
 More than her near approach applies to all ;
 And with all eyes upon her (every look
 Was but another copy of the book
 Of fear and awe) she vanished in the gloom,
 Leaving the fated to prepare for doom.
 They gazed as long as her wide sails and white

Prolonged her fading image yet in sight :
 Some longer gazed, and others turned away ;
 Some crossed themselves ; two only knelt to pray.
 Nothing occurred to add to our alarm,
 Or quell our fear of fate's uplifted arm,
 Till after midnight, when the storm grew more
 Intensely wild than it had been before ;
 Electric fulminations rent the sky
 In quick succession, culminating high ;
 O what an hour of tempest was the last
 Through which the hapless 'Mermaid' ever pass'd !
 The ocean roll'd amain, the tempest blew,
 The thunder crash'd, the wicked lightning flew !
 Athwart the heavens shot the shafts of light,
 Abrupt and strong, and stunn'd the sense of sight !
 A feeble hope that fate might yet recall
 His cruel mandate, had been felt by all ;
 But no one yet indulged the feeble ray,
 For with the helm it now was swept away :
 And now abandoned by the latest hope
 They stood, like felons, in adjusted rope ;
 But short was their suspense ; there came a flash,
 A dazzling blaze and an appalling crash,
 And some fell senseless through the broken deck
 Of a dismantled hulk and floundering wreck ;
 While standing on their feet remained but few,
 And they with consciousness suspended too.
 The stricken 'Mermaid,' like a stricken deer,
 Gave a convulsive bound and sudden veer,
 And falling in the trough, the sea swept o'er
 Her shatter'd deck, to hide it evermore.

Expert in water, I resolved the sun
Should rise again before my course was run ;
And with a broken deck plank at my side,
Lash'd to my waist, I launch'd upon the tide.
It might be fancied that the storm was plann'd
By th' Oceanic God, or his command,
With our destruction for the closing scene,
To please his goddess or a wanton queen ;
For soon as that was wrought, the storm was o'er,
The thunder crashed, and tempest blew no more:
The waves roll'd sluggishly against their will,
And struggled with each other to be still ;
And one brief hour beheld the angry tide
To my advantage strangely modified ;
And told the wanderer of the stormy sea,
A breathless calm was Neptune's next decree.
' While there is life there's hope,' is better said
Upon the ocean than upon the bed ;
For when my substitution for a boat
Was all that kept my body still afloat—
When sight had failed the eye and sense the brain
To recognize a ship, or search in vain,
And life had dwindled to a beating heart,
And that about to cease—the ' Rescue ' came.

Epitaph

ON A WELL-KNOWN MONEY LENDER OF LONDON.

Being in want of money to attend the Normal School, and holding a mortgage on fifty acres of our old homestead for the sum of five hundred dollars, just one fourth of the sum for which it was sold, and on which there was no other encumbrance, I applied to this man to negotiate the mortgage, which bore six per cent. interest and was payable in three equal annual instalments, and of which time nine months had expired. After hearing a statement of my need, and the particulars of my claim, he told me to bring him an abstract of the title, and if satisfactory he would give me fifty per cent. of the face of the mortgage. I was too indignant to reply, and quit his office immediately. I walked over to the market, near by, and sitting on the beam of a sample plow left on view on the corner of the market square, I composed the first six lines, and the rest was composed as I rode home. It was simply an outlet for my just indignation. I put it on paper the next day and laid it away, and thought little more of it till I resolved to publish, and then I called it forth. It may in some measure show that a rich man cannot always with safety put his foot on the neck of the poor.

EPITAPH.

What means this grassy mound ; know, stranger.
would you ?

It hides the mortal dust of * * * *
Which here as worthless residue was laid
When hell's old claim, long overdue, was paid.
Such was his heart, he never felt he had one,
Save when he shaved a note that proved a bad
one.

His name is a memorial of woes
That Vengeance' self might shudder to impose
On their own minister. To many a yeoman,
Who first met ruin under that cognomen,
With what significance it strikes his ear !
Think how the war-whoop thrills the pioneer,
Whose helpless little ones and fenceless wife
Fall by the mangling tomahawk and knife.

A needy yeoman at the awful throne
Of Mammon, kneels to supplicate a loan.
What unpropitious causes culminated
In his appeal, is first interrogated,
And all that appertains to his estate,
To know the fish is worthy of the bait,
And thence deduce the magnitude of onus
His shoulders can sustain in shape of bonus ;
Next the security : if note of hand—
“ How many farmers' names can you command ? ”
If all are owners of estate, a few
(I love to aid the honest poor) will do ;
And, for their benefit, I always take

My bonus in advance ; it tends to make
 The final payment easy : it will be
 A pleasing thing, when it is due, to see
 (The heart, however sad, will be elated)
 One half the debt already liquidated.

The Tea Party.

Mrs. A, Mrs. B, Mrs. C, Mrs. D,
 Are invited to tea by their friend Mrs. E.
 Discoursing an hour of this and of that,
 There came a brief pause in the gossiping chat,
 Which furnished the chance she desired, for A
 To complain that her John came home tipsy to-day;
 And declare that his cruelty certainly would
 Have shattered her reason if anything could.
 Then spoke Mrs. B, who was very well known
 As the shield of all husbands on earth but her
 own :—

“ You really confound me, my dear Mrs. A,
 I can't, won't believe that you mean what you say;
 That your husband has faults, I indulge not a
 doubt,
 (Can you find such a thing as a husband without?)
 But I've known Mr. A since my earliest years,
 And though man is not always just what he ap-
 pears,

And could we trade husbands like secrets, you know,

Then spoke Mrs. C in a similar strain,

Then spoke Mrs. D, in a tone that confess'd

“Blest in a companion devoted and kind,
And gifted with more than an average mind ;

And what to a woman is dearer than life,
Who vows himself equally blest in his wife.

Your sorrow, my sisters, I cannot but share,
Having none of my own that are heavy to bear ;

You are much to be pitied ; I grieve to confess,

In the grave I would certainly pity you less—

Far better you all had been laid in your graves
Than wed to these villains who treat you as
slaves."

With eyes upon D, and with fury aglow,
Like a park of artillery assaulting the foe :

"What! villains and slaves!" shouted A, B and C;

"My stars! O, the hussy!" continued the three;

"Who sued for your sympathy, madame, or who

Would add to their sorrow the pity of you ?
 That paragon husband in whom you rejoice
 Betrayed a low taste when he made you his
 choice.

And D, what is he ?" (to each other appealing)
 " His brother's wife's cousin was suspected of
 stealing ;

Last winter his note in the bank was protested,
 For you know how we quizz'd her until she con-
 fess'd it ;

His horse has the heavens, that's known all around,
 And it's only a month since his cow was in pound ;
 And see him in church, in the habit he wore
 Last summer and part of the summer before ;
 And, who would believe it ? as dignified too
 As these 'villains' of ours would be in their new.
 And, add to all these what we would not have
 hinted,

But the fact of it is, it had ought to be printed,
 He has some queer disorder he fain would conceal,
 Who knows but a plague like what Christ used to
 heal ?

For we heard Dr. Mathewson ask Parson Hughes
 If he knew that her man had the hotrodox-
 blues." *

But now speaks the hostess :—" The rights of our
 sex

Is a problem that long has been known to perplex ;
 Some grant us electoral franchise, and claim
 That the rights of the husband and wife are the
 same ;

* Heterodox views.

While others affirm we were never designed
 By nature to cope with the masculine mind ;
 But, whatever the issue may be, let us cleave
 To the rights we inherit as daughters of Eve.
 Of these I will only allude to the chief,
 Designed to afford our pent feelings relief,
 The right that we women possess to defame
 Our husbands at will, spite of honor and shame ;
 But this little truth to our credit be said,
 We brook from each other nor pity nor aid.



To Josephine in Heaven.

A SONG.

We sat on the bank of the Wisconsin River,
 On a high, frowning bluff that hangs over the
 stream ;
 Could the rapturous spell have continued forever
 I had sung an adieu to futurity's dream.

And now were it thus that a wish could endow me
 A ravishing scene of the past to restore,
 Should all, except heaven and thee, disavow me,
 I would meet thee again on that wild rocky
 shore.

So fain to my bosom again would I press thee,
 As wont, in impassion'd embrace of my arms,
 I frequently thus in my slumber caress thee,
 And dream of thy bosom-awakening charms.

So falsely has fortune caress'd to deceive me,
 So brilliant the dawn of love's mutable day,
 The most she can give is the least she can leave
 me,
 Remembrance of what she has taken away.

Lament.

The cares of life can never come
 Where life is not ;
 Be then the refuge of the tomb
 My welcome lot.

The nectar brew'd for youth to sup
 Ne'er wet my lip :
 Fate mix'd a vile terrestrial cup
 For mine to sip.

My heart in boyhood's early years
 Was crush'd with toil ;
 My young hands till'd, my sweat and tears
 Bedew'd the soil.

Childhood was all the youth for me
 That fate design'd ;
 And youth is age—infirmity
 Of limbs and mind.

Love came, and its enchanting beam
 Illum'd my way ;
 But like a sweet, delicious dream
 It pass'd away.

Love cannot brook the storms that sweep
 O'er life's bleak plain ;
 The gentle flower can only peep
 And fade again.



Dialogue

BETWEEN AN AMERICAN REFUGEE OF THE CIVIL
 WAR AND A CANADIAN.



CANADIAN—

We wonder not a little to behold
 The daring progeny of dauntless heroes,
 Who fought at Lexington and Bunker's Hill,
 Fleeing from civil discord to our land
 To brook the ridicule of cursed "Britishers."

AMERICAN—

It was because I disavowed the right
And need of arms to arbitrate our difference,
That I came hither : had a foreign arm
Been raised against us, I had then committed
My family to the care of the Almighty,
And joined in the chastisement of our foes.

CANADIAN—

And do you recognize your country's weal
Of greater moment than your family's ? ”

AMERICAN—

My country's welfare is of greater moment
Than that of any family it contains,
Because its good or ill is that of all ;
So to the care of God would I resign
My wife and children at my country's call.

CANADIAN—

Think you the arm of God a stronger fence
Than you can raise against your country's foes ?

AMERICAN—

Who thinks not so, thinks not with valid mind ;
Man's arm is feeble—God's omnipotent.

CANADIAN—

Granting your country's welfare such pre-emi-
nence

Over your family's, and the arm of God
 Infinite potency to succor either ;
 Can you gainsay the wisdom to assign
 The weightier labor to the stronger arm,—
 Your country's safety to the arm of God,
 And take the meaner charge upon your own ?

Lament of the Last Indian of his Tribe,

WHICH WAS NEARLY EXTERMINATED BY THE
 SMALL-POX.

Like some scarr'd tree upon the mountain's breast,
 Swept by an avalanche of all the rest,
 I stand alone, and wear the scars as well
 Of that dread scourge by which my kindred fell ;
 That terrible disease from which the brave
 Has no defence, no amulet to save
 His loved ones, nor himself—swept o'er the land,
 As sweeps the prairie fire, or wave of sand
 Across the burning waste. Alike the strong
 And feeble perished as it swept along.
 A few survived ; my rugged frame defied
 The withering blight, but all I cherished died.
 And when the demon visitant was fled,
 The living told their fingers for the dead,
 And yet found graves, yet in their tears beheld
 The vacant wigwam and the graves that held

Its fated occupants, who dwelt so late
 In peace and calm content, that ever wait
 On heaven-approved desires, and only these
 They ever felt and labor'd to appease.
 The chase—the wild, invigorating chase—
 Gave raiment, food and pastime to our race;
 And to its lust of glory ample scope.
 Aspiring to renown, some learned to cope
 With hunters of repute, and satisfied
 At once their wants and their inherent pride.
 And now the few who braved the fell disease
 Have perished one by one (as giant trees
 On the tornado's path, succumb at length
 To time and tempest in declining strength),
 Till I alone have yet to tread the road
 That leads the red man to that blest abode,
 Where loved ones lost are to his arms restored,
 And boundless wilds through endless time ex-
 plored.

NOTE TO THE ABOVE.

The summer of my twenty-second year was
 spent in Wisconsin, and while there I saw an old
 Indian who was said to be the last of his tribe,
 nearly the whole of which perished by the small-
 pox about 40 years before; and of those who sur-
 vived, he was the last. I versified his story, and
 the above is part of my effort, the rest being for-
 gotten. This poem, complete, was one of those
 that I tried in vain to get published in the maga-
 zines. I thought at the time if they rejected it

as being inferior to those they published in each issue, it must be very much below my valuation. But still I continued to "make my own review."

G. S.

A Prayer.

O thou at whose supreme behest
 This earth would cease to roll,
 Take back and doom as suits thee best
 This agonizing soul.

Not on a coward's trembling knee
 I for thy mercy cry :
 Do as may seem the best with me,
 I only ask to die.

However wayward has my will
 By prompting passion been,
 I'm but the issue of thy skill,
 A passion-moved machine.

I fear not hell, and how can death
 A hapless wretch appall,
 Who knows the pangs of parting breath
 Are in the fate of all.

'Tis time my joyless days were spent,
 My sinking frame inurned,
 Back to its native element
 This aching heart returned !

No more the glowing hopes of youth
 Their lustre round it shed ;
 As life reveal'd its bitter truth,
 Its sweet delusions fled.

No longer equal to endure
 The hardships of a slave,
 That last asylum of the poor,
 Eternal sleep, I crave.

The Gifted Hog.

There was of yore a hog of common strain,
 By chance endow'd with human heart and brain ;
 In full development an equal mind,
 And sensibility acute, refined ;
 And though in hog's exterior nature drest,
 Ethereal fire glow'd within his breast.
 His lot was cast with others of his race,
 Hogs that excelled in every swinish grace :
 With simultaneous rush and scrambling greed
 They gorged with hoggish zest their daily feed,
 But he disdained to scramble for his swill,
 And meekly waited till they gulped their fill ;
 Or if at times, his dignity suppress'd,
 By craving hunger, struggled with the rest,
 Superior strength right hoggishly denied
 His equal right, and rooted him aside.

Alas ! poor hog, his share was ever small,
 And very often he got none at all !
 Too little hog to scramble for his share,
 He yet was too much hog to live on air ;
 And thus denied the food he could not want,
 His limbs grew feeble and his body gaunt ;
 In famine's ghastly arms he pined away,
 Still more ethereal, fading day by day :
 Until at length he gasped his final breath,
 And gave his animal remains to death.
 Behold the hapless votary of song,
 Unfit to grapple with the demon wrong,
 Unskill'd to squabble at the common trough
 Of fortune ; roughly, rudely elbow'd off,
 By an illiterate herd of human swine,
 Who know but one possessive pronoun—mine.

Indian Warfare.

SUGGESTED BY VIEWING AN INDIAN BATTLE
 GROUND—SUPPOSED TO BE SUCH BY THE
 NUMBER OF SKULLS AND BONES
 MINGLED WITH THE SAND.

No scenes of war symbolically display'd !
 No trace of combat more than carnage made !
 No hieroglyphics, no traditions tell
 Whom victory crown'd or who for victory fell—

What dread combatant, leader of the brave
 On many a war-path, fated to the grave—
 What young aspirant to the war-dance fought,
 And full admission to its glories bought,
 Bore off the ghastly trophy at his side,
 To join the dance probation late denied.

But still, as ruin points the channel where
 The wild tornado roll'd its floods of air ;
 Or bleaching skeletons the vale of death,
 Where the dread upas breathes its deadly breath ;
 These relics witness that a fierce affray
 Has here betide, on some long-vanished day.
 Some stubborn question, too complex for talk
 Was here debated with the tomahawk.

A troop of braves against a troop of braves
 Array'd, my fancy summons from their graves ;
 And in the arms and costume of the race,
 And combat signall'd on each dusky face,
 The dauntless warriors to the carnage close,
 To measure prowess with their willing foes.

Not from the summit of yon hill afar,
 By aid of optic wand the helm of war,
 But face to face, with tomahawk and knife,
 Their chiefs begin the sanguinary strife—
 Stir in their dusky braves the pulse of war,
 And sound its echoing whoop through vales afar.

The dauntless brave, by feats of valor known,
 Seeks not the scalp less sought for than his own ;
 And ere he feigns to meditate a blow,
 With dauntless mien confronts an equal foe,
 To give with valor, or with triumph claim

A brilliant jewel for the ring of fame.
 Thus each to each in vengeful mood they yoke—
 One hand impells, the other fends a stroke—
 Equal to fend as to impart a blow,
 Prolongs the conflict, yielding to and fro ;
 While from their wounds the reeking life-blood
 teems,

Adown their swarthy limbs in crimson streams.
 More desperate now than since his course begun,
 The stricken brave that feels it nearly run—
 His latest hope to perish with his foe—
 Invokes the genius of a dying blow.
 High o'er his plume his tomahawk he twirls,
 And at his wary victor fiercely hurls ;
 Then, sinking to the earth no more to rise,
 Folds his spent arms and like a warrior dies.



A Midnight Soliloquy.

To keep starvation from my door
 ('Tis vain to think of doing more)—
 Over this engine, night and day,
 I pine my ebbing life away,
 With not a sympathizing friend
 To pity what he cannot mend.
 Better for poet, far, to be,
 If not the head of a family,
 The tenant of a nameless grave,
 Than some prosaic worldling's slave,

Who fosters for the art of song
 Attraction negatively strong.
 But in domestic bonds am I,
 From penury's inclement sky,
 Denied the refuge dread, to die :
 My consort and the little flowers,
 Whose infant life was lit from ours,
 Demand my labor, and my arm
 To shield when danger threatens harm ;
 Else would I close this mortal scene,
 And join the myriads who have been.

**To My Angel Daughter in the Voice of Her
 Mother.**

In thine elysian home of rest,
 My angel daughter, do they know
 With what emotion throbs the breast
 Of friends untimely left below ;
 Or are they, in that happy sphere,
 Unconscious that they once were here ?

As other joys were lost in thee
 When thy young life to earth was given,
 So shall all other sorrows be
 Till death shall reunite in heaven
 Thy soul that never wore a stain
 And mine from sin redeem'd again.

I dream'd last night thou hadst return'd,
 And started up with outstretch'd arm;
 To clasp thy form my bosom yearn'd;
 But the exertion broke the charm:
 The truth flash'd through my 'wilder'd brain,
 And night closed round my heart again.

Before the fell destroyer came
 And mark'd thee for his early prize,
 Life never warm'd a little frame
 So beauteous in a mother's eyes;
 And as it faded day by day,
 Grew more angelic in decay.

Life's closing scenes, o'er which the veil
 Of everlasting slumber fell—
 The gaze so fix'd, and features pale—
 Deep graven in remembrance dwell;
 And while that sense can still retain,
 One sad, dear image will remain.

Not till affix'd the seal of death
 Thy trusting heart became afraid,
 When, startled by the waste of breath,
 Thy pleading eyes beseech'd for aid:
 The anchor wonted to restrain
 Was cast confidingly in vain.

My arm was thy maternal shield,
 And not till that distressing hour

Hadst thou in vain for aid appealed,
 Nor knew it was a finite power :
 Than mine, a higher, mightier throne
 Was to thy little heart unknown.

But death, that sever'd us, reveal'd
 How helpless was that arm to save ;
 The secret that till then was seal'd,
 Alas ! was open'd with the grave ;
 And thou by light divine canst see
 I am what thou hast ceas'd to be.

Epitaph on Riel.

Sedition, here thy votary lies,
 By all his own forsaken ;
 Like every votary of guilt,
 By justice overtaken.

If he has gone with thee to dwell,
 Arch Minister of Evil,
 Hold fast the reigns that govern hell,
 Or he will soon be devil.

And though to heaven he sneaks his way
 Through some back gate, unguarded,
 He'll sing your old seditious lay,
 And be alike rewarded.

And when the scene in heaven is past,
 And he expelled the skies,—
 See, from the ashes of the last,
 This new born Phoenix rise.

He hastes to hell, with bold design
 On its imperial raiment ;
 By that same guilt that made them thine,
 Proclaim'd an equal claimant.

The above poem was recited extempore in a bar-room to a number of volunteers who were about starting for Red River to quell the Riel insurrection. The volunteers stared at me while I was reciting and then looked at the landlord, and he in turn looked at me, and we all looked at each other all round, but said nothing. This was my first recitation of poetry, and my last. I would not have committed the sin this one time, but the occasion seemed to me so appropriate and inviting. The only merit of this is in its hasty production. I think it has some in that respect.

J. S.

On My First Grey Hair.

I'm growing old, I'm turning grey,
 Youth and its hopes alike are gone !
 My future for a single day
 That's past, if I may choose the one !

Sudden Wealth.

Awake, O Muse ! and ply thy sacred art,
That few acquire, and even none impart.
Thy theme, a heart by poverty distress'd
For twenty years, and then with riches blest.
This age will doubtless disapprove our song,
But ages doubtless have been proven wrong :
Death has transform'd in ages that are sped,
A living rhymster to a poet dead ;
So to a future age we dedicate
Our little tale, and hasten to relate.
Since sweet delusions warm'd the youthful mind,
Since life was bliss, and love was bliss refined,
For twenty years of poverty and pain
I courted Mammon, but I sued in vain.
Avails it now, what fruitless means I tried :
All that avail'd me not, oblivion hide.
My last and sole endeavor that repaid
My care and toil was for petroleum made.
My stock—a site and equipage secured,
A will to toil and limbs to toil inured,
A little purse on which I only drew
For daily food and wages weekly due ;
These were my stock-in-trade when I began
To seek in fortune's favor, that of man.
As through each stratum of the rock I bored,
Nor found it yet, I still the next explored ;
Till means exhausted warned me to suspend
The search, but hope impell'd me to extend,

With each to-morrow promis'd me success,
 But debt incurring brought me but distress.
 Judging the future by the fruitless past,
 I to despair resigned my hopes at last,
 Reserving for my heirs the choice of sorrow,
 To toil to-day or want for bread to-morrow.
 But scarcely had I ceased to urge the chase,
 When, lo ! the treasure rushed to my embrace.
 At sudden wealth, what rapture thrills the breast
 That poverty and debt had long distress'd !
 The wretch who trembling on the scaffold stands,
 With rope adjusted, and with pinion'd hands,
 Whom pardon rescues from the ruthless law,
 Just when the arm is stretched the bolt to draw,
 Feels not a rapture more intense than I
 When want's deep fountain of distress ran dry.
 And yet I love not gold, but O ! I hate
 The poor man's friendless, disrespected state !
 See from the pinnacle of wealth an ape,
 Resembling man in little more than shape,
 Placed by inheritance on high, look down
 On honest labor with disdainful frown.
 In a toy thimble you might store his sense,
 And with his pride inflate balloons immense ;
 The greatest vice that knocks not at his door
 Consists in giving to the idle poor.
 Yet is he honor'd, while intrinsic worth—
 The gift of God—lies trodden in the earth.
 But when to poverty is added debt—
 O, powers celestial ! aid me to forget—
 With some oblivious balm anoint my brain,

And bid remembrance never wake again !
 Envy, no doubt, on hearing I had struck
 A copious vein, exclaimed, " A fool for luck !"
 But envy knows society prefers
 Such lucky fools to poor philosophers ;
 Nor even envy's self can long withhold
 The homage due, or rather paid, to gold.
 When the report of my success had been
 Confirmed, and many had my fountain seen,
 How changed was I from the despised and mean ;
 Nor was the change effected by degrees,
 As spring enrobes or fall denudes the trees :
 Behold a gentleman at once reveal'd,
 That filth of poverty had long concealed :
 Thus on the public way the diamond lies—
 Adhesive clay deludes unconscious eyes,
 Till solvent elements the gem betray,
 And some rejoiced pedestrian bears away.
 Now, disrespect, misfortune's brindled hound,
 Late at my heels, some other victim found ;
 In every face a new-born friendship shone,
 And every voice assumed its softest tone.
 The cold, the scornful and averted eye,
 That seeks a refuge till the poor goes by,
 That late had been my daily wont to meet,
 As to and from my work I trod the street,
 I meet no more ; all meet me with a smile,
 And pay some fawning compliment—to oil.
 The portly merchant, standing in his door,
 Just as I've passed him many times before,
 Now nods and smiles and seems at once to say,

"Purchase at pleasure and at pleasure pay ;"
 The doctor, too, whom I so long have known,
 So often met in crowds and oft alone,
 Who never deigned to know me till the night
 When fortune raised me to his gracious sight,
 Salutes me now with that familiar air
 That fortune's favorites to each other wear.●
 And many more that wonted not to greet,
 Perceive a fellow-creature when we meet ;
 And Mammon's dog, that my old raiment tore,
 Won by my new attire, assails no more.
 Ye sons of fortune, in her arms caress'd,
 Lull'd on her lap and fondled to her breast,
 With every luxury the age bestows
 That art contrives and fertile valley grows,
 Furnished by her indulgent hands alone,
 With no auxiliary efforts of your own—
 Can you, by virtue of your higher state,
 Suspend a moment the decree of fate—
 Can you, confronted by the champion death,
 Add to your number one forbidden breath ;
 Or can the skillful chemist separate
 The mingled ashes of the poor and great ;
 Or are your souls more precious in the skies,
 Or from what other source does pride arise.

This poem was suggested by a story I heard told of a man of small means, who invested his all in the sinking of an oil well. After his money was all gone he continued to drill till he became involved in debt, and his men refused to work

longer unless paid up. He prevailed on them to work one day more, and in the last hour of that day, when the drill was put down for the last time, it pierced through the rock into the long sought oil, and he became a rich man immediately.

Toll-Gates on the Path of Fame.

Once when the Fates were in a pinch for stamps
 (For they were sometimes in pecuniary cramps),
 They sold to Human Jealousy their claim,
 Their right and title to the path of fame.
 When Mr. Jealousy had paid the bill
 He had not left wherewith to run the mill ;
 But to his brother Envy he disclosed
 His hapless plight, who brother-like proposed
 To purchase half the road, and reimburse
 One-half the recent outlay to his purse.
 The offer was accepted, and the twain,
 With equal interest in the thorny lane,
 Applied themselves to make their purchase pay—
 A project worthy of such men as they ;
 At length, ignoring every other plan
 (Besides the welfare of aspiring man),
 They put on toll-gates, and a rate per poll
 From all aspirants they exact as toll.
 Their slavish votaries, the critic crew,
 Demand the toll as Genius passes through :
 He pays—he looks defiance at his foes—
 Shakes from his feet their dust, and on he goes.

A Revery; or, The Poet's Progress.

This is an allegorical composition, in which conditions of life, attributes, and such are personified, and made to act and speak their own influence. The things personified are in order as they are introduced—Reason, Public Opinion (under the title of Fate's Appraiser), Poverty, Want of Learning, Hope and Fortitude (under the title of Dare). The substance of the poem is a reasoning on my own nature and inclination of mind, my mental force, chance of success, and the obstacles to be overcome, with a digression near the end touching the influence of poverty on the connubial state.

In fancy's yearning eye appraised,
And to the throne of genius rais'd,
Down on applauding earth I gazed.

But ere I'd long exalted been
Old Reason closed the blissful scene,
And brought me down among the mean.

And in a fierce, unbridled rage,
Despite the honor due to age,
I thus harangued the hoary sage :

Be gone, you old grey-headed curse,
Before I call you something worse ;
Why come you here to trouble me ?

Why thus explode my revery ?
 Leave me, I ask no other boon,
 To float in fancy's gay balloon,
 And from its elevation see
 What is not, and may never be ;
 While you below may whine and grumble
 At things o'er which you daily stumble,
 'Tis true, and much by me lamented,
 I'm not as fancy represented :
 But what of that, if it be bliss ;
 In such a woeful world as this
 Man stands in need of all the pleasures
 Attainable by guiltless measures.
 In fancy life has all its zest ;
 Mine, sure, would be a joyless breast,
 Were't not that fancy's scenes inspire
 My soul with raptures warmer, higher
 Than all the cheerless, frigid truth
 That you demonstrate to youth.
 The scenes of fancy are the bread
 On which my famished soul is fed.
 I'm not as others round me are,
 My soul is more unearthly, far ;
 But whether meet for heaven or hell
 I've neither wish nor power to tell.
 I only feel its rise and fall,
 And sip the nectar and the gall,
 The depth of night and height of day
 That hold it with alternate sway
 The muse is helpless to portray.
 I'm not of that unmeaning throng

That gaudy fashion leads along,
 Who in the mirror only see
 The faultless form of Deity,
 But sink unnoticed in their graves
 Like bubbles bursting on the waves.
 Nor am I of the sordid train,
 Ever upon the path of gain,
 Pursuing eager, though it flee,
 Just as misfortune follows me.
 (I've known him that would rob his brother,
 Ay, steal the grave clothes off his mother !
 But, in his Sabbath cloak arrayed,
 Excelled the meekness of a maid.)
 Nor of the legion who persist
 In being only to exist,
 Whose highest, most exalted thought
 Is by the lowest passion taught ;
 Whose yearnings, morning noon and night,
 Subside with sated appetite.
 I'm one of an unhappy few
 Who weep to be and yearn to do ;
 One of the very few on earth
 That know how little they are worth,
 Cursed with the mental sight to scan,
 The station of a common man,—
 And hence the strong innate desire
 To scramble one gradation higher.
 To live a space on toil-won bread
 And die that idle worms be fed,
 Nor leaves behind a single trace
 That earth was once my dwelling place ;

But be by all mankind forgot,
 When even Balaam's ass is not ;
 If I to such an end was borne,
 The doom I can't avert I scorn.

" Unhappy youth," the sage replied,
 " My mission is not to deride ;
 I have from heaven to bestow
 No more on friend, nor less on foe,
 Than such instructions as the wise
 In but theology despise,
 (And *inter nos* I have a few
 Disciples in that science, too ;
 And they will people every clime
 Before the last events of time.)
 The eaglet nature prompts to try,
 She first endows with power to fly,
 And not less justly wills to man
 That they who would are they who can,
 If to their purpose they bestir them,
 Nor think that she will do it for them,
 Nor think to merit golden prizes
 By making leaden sacrifices.
 Long and laborious are the ways
 That meet in universal praise ;
 But few, if any, are so long
 And toilsome as the path of song :
 Not always he who merits fame
 Survives to see avow'd the claim ;
 For many a bard returns to earth
 Ere fame has yet confess'd his birth.

But after ages recompense,
 The galling wrongs of ignorance
 And jealousy, and twine the wreath
 Of triumph round his memory.
 Who inly burns to win and wear
 The poet's wreath, must nobly dare ;
 Nor quail to meet the murderous throng
 That lurks his winding path along ;
 Nor from that path digress a stride.
 Though foes assail on every side.
 Not the guerillas, chiefly known
 As critics, haunt his path alone ;
 Foes of a very different kind
 Assail the bold aspiring mind.
 Of these, the chief long, gaunt and grim
 (And many a round you'll have with him),
 Is Poverty ; and in his rear
 Lurks mental degradation near,
 Besides a nameless brood that owe
 Their being to that giant foe.
 Though fierce and many are his foes
 His friends are often worse than those.
 The apathy of those possess'd
 Of "portion of the truly bless'd"
 Mangles the lone, poetic heart
 More sorely than the critic's dart.
 Not to intimidate, I bode
 These dangers ; for on every road
 To fame the valiant never fail,
 Though foes and friend-foes both assail,
 For dauntless energy and toil

To till the mind's unbroken soil,
 Can compass highest ends designed,
 And yield the rarest fruits of minds.
 Shame to thy country that she gave
 Not yet poetic dust a grave."
 So spoke the sage, and, like a light
 Extinguished, vanished from my sight.

Roused from the dull, lethargic state
 In which so many mortals wait
 For fame and fortune, I arose,
 Bidding to indolent repose
 A last adieu, I took the road
 Of sonnet, epigram and ode.
 But, lo! I had not travelled long
 When Fate's Appraiser came along
 And thus accost: "The will of Fate is
 "That I shall brand you 'small potatoes.'
 Not at the present, Sir Auxiliary,
 Though Fate should doom me to the pillory,
 As long as I can lift my hand,
 I'll brook not your ignoble brand.
 Tell Mr. Fate to go to—well
 I would not send him quite to hell,
 But some remote, untrodden shore,
 Where he can frown on me no more.
 But, just as though he never heard me,
 He, without halting, strode toward me,
 And in a moment had me collar'd
 And for assistance loudly hallooed;
 When Poverty and Want of Learning

Sprang from an ambush at this warning.

The first was of gigantic height
 And so terrific to the sight,
 The symbols are not yet invented
 By which he can be represented.
 So, of his guise I'll say no more
 Than o'er his frowning brow he wore
 What mortal eye ne'er saw before,
 A turban wove of children's curls,
 The locks of little boys and girls;
 Cradled in want and turned adrift
 In childhood for themselves to shift;
 To whom a shrivell'd crust had been
 A dainty morsel seldom seen,
 Whose naked, wasted friendless forms,
 Pierced while in life by winter's storms,
 He'd here and there found lying dead
 Through want of shelter, clothes and bread.

A glance at his companion told
 He had been cast in different mould;
 His sleepy eyes could just be seen
 Their slightly parted lids between;
 His bull-frog nose was wide and flat,
 His cheeks hung down and shook with fat,
 His features waked the common thought
 Of being better fed than taught.
 He was a foe that few would fear,
 With none to render succor near;
 A dastard scarcely would be daunted

By such a sluggish foe confronted ;
 But with a desperate fiend to back him
 The bravest only dare attack him.

When by these-cut throats first assail'd,
 I for a moment only quail'd,
 But less through valor than despair,
 I faced them with a dauntless air.
 Grim Poverty advanced, elate,
 To aid the underling of Fate ;
 And, after a profound congee
 To him, at once confronted me,
 And said, beginning stern and slow :
 " Behold in me your fellest foe !
 And on my fat companion see
 The symbols of the next degree.
 'Tis by the King of Kings' command
 That I against you lift my hand,
 It was to me by him assigned
 To be the scourge of human kind,—
 Yes ; on that memorable day
 When man was lured to disobey,
 And from the grateful arbor led,
 Forth wandered he to toil for bread.
 Obedient to that high behest,
 I've done, and still will do my best
 To scourge them without intermission
 Till he revokes the said commission.
 I've crush'd beneath my cruel feet
 The noblest hearts that ever beat,
 While many of a happier fate—

But to the problem on the slate :—
 You're on the thorny path of fame
 In quest of an exalted name,
 With three stern enemies around you
 Combined to harass and confound you,
 And others ambush'd on the way
 Will pounce like panthers on their prey.
 What think you ? Have you any chance
 'Gainst such resistance to advance ?
 Listen till I relate a few
 Exploits I've had with such as you ;
 And when you hear the revelation,
 You'll see your hopeless situation."
 I bow'd submission, and he told
 What turned my life streams chilly cold ;
 He told of many a brilliant mind
 That noblest aims and ends designed,
 Whom, after fending many a blow,
 His iron arms had stricken low.
 Digressing, then, from "such as you,"
 And humbler paths adverting to,
 He briefly glanced at general life,
 Then made a text of man and wife.
 He talked of love with mocking mien,
 With oaths and flippant jests between.
 He said he'd entered many a cot
 In which he dwelt, but found him not ;
 For, soon as he appeared in view,
 Love, like a startled partridge, flew.
 He boasted of unnumbered pairs
 He crush'd with overwhelming cares ;

Of widows' groans and orphans' cries,
 Of blighted hopes and broken ties ;
 Of many, many a magic chain
 That Hymen proudly wrought in vain,
 And of his victims, named a few,
 Of whom were several that I knew.
 Of one young pair, remembrance still
 Retains the fate, and ever will.
 He said, to search the world around,
 A nobler pair could not be found
 In love's enchanted fetters bound.
 Rich in affection, virtue, health,
 Honor, and all but worldly wealth,
 And that they doubtless would have won
 Had not domestic strife begun.
 He strove with all his wonted arts
 To separate their loving hearts ;
 And from his wily, crafty brain
 Drew many new-born schemes in vain ;
 Each to the other was so true
 That all his wiles and craft could do
 Could not their faithful souls estrange,
 Nor in them work the slightest change.
 But when he was about to yield
 To Love the glory of the field,
 The Devil sent the timely aid
 Of an old, mischief-making maid,
 Who leap'd Love's breastwork with a bound
 And swung her two-edged cutlass round,
 Laying at every spiteful blow
 Some happier sister's consort low,

Because a man had never kiss'd her,
 While one had wed her younger sister.
 Now, when her hellish work was done,
 The well-defended fortress won,
 And Love resigned his gleaming blade
 To an old, withered, wrinkled maid,
 "My heel," the weeping husband said,
 "Shall crush that female serpent's head."

He'd just returned from this digression
 Back to the problem of progression,
 When on the scene arrived a pair
 Of heroes, Hope and valiant Dare,
 Who, when they saw how matters stood,
 Joined with the weak as heroes should,
 And three to three for life began
 The warfare of aspiring man.

A Dream.

After retiring one night, I lay thinking of the
 fabled stream whose waters restore and perpetuate
 youth, and falling asleep in that mood, I dreamed
 the following lines :—

O! for the stream of life's eternal morn,
 The glowing thought forever newly born,
 Unfading zest of raptures that abide,
 And passion ever in the swelling tide !

A Stormy Night.

COMPOSED ON THE NIGHT OF THE GREAT STORM
IN THE AUTUMN OF 1873, IN WHICH MANY
VESSELS WERE WRECKED AND MANY
LIVES LOST.

Hark ! how the trees uprooted fall
Before the fury of the squall,
While every still succeeding blast
Proclaims the mercy of the last.
I hear the bending forest groan,
I hear the lake's prophetic moan,
Like distant thunder's lingering roar
It rolls along the sounding shore.
How many eyes to-night must close,
Not in their wonted sweet repose,
In their accustom'd beds, beneath
The waves in the repose of death ?
What youthful hearts of fond devotion,
That throb with early love's emotion,
Whose passion, though of gentle form,
Exceeds the silence of the storm,
Ere this terrific night shall be
Deducted from futurity,
With all their dreams of future bliss,
Must perish in the wild abyss !
What ship that often has withstood
The howling winds and rolling flood,
O'ercome by their superior power,
Must hail this night the fatal hour.
Long having nobly toiled to keep

Her charge above the boiling deep,
 At length, despoiled of helm and mast,
 The dreadful moment comes at last.
 Her noblest effort vainly made
 To mount the waves 'gainst her array'd
 She founders : of a floundering wreck,
 The angry waters sweep the deck,
 And round her eddy, surge and roar
 With rage transcending all before,
 As, round the struggling prey he holds,
 The boa coils his tightening folds.
 The piteous wail, the hurried pray'r,
 Uplifted hands and frenzied stare,
 The one or two who kiss the rod,
 And bless the chastening hand of God ;
 A brave commander's gallant mien
 Through all the wild, tumultuous scene,
 At once on fancy's vision pour,
 And banish sleep from eyes on shore.
 How many souls unfit to meet
 Their maker at the judgment seat,
 Shall from this closing drama rise
 To meet their author in the skies ?
 Lord, let their hapless doom allay
 Thy vengeance at the judgment day.

Epitaph on a Child.

More blest the spirit that returns to heaven
 Unstain'd by guilt, than that with guilt forgiven.

Sitting in the Dark.

"Why sit in the dark, Nelly; have you no light?"
 Said a young married man as he enter'd one night.
 "I love," answered Nelly, "to sit in the dark;"
 And the young husband laugh'd at his Nelly's
 remark.

But he would not have laugh'd could he then have
 divined

What he yet had to learn of a gloom-loving mind.
 Through the years that have pass'd since that
 evening till now

The clouds of ill-omen have darken'd her brow :
 Her heart, not unkind, is devoted to gloom,
 And she dwells in her house like a ghost in a tomb.
 At every small cloud that flits over the sky,
 She thinks that a dreadful tornado is nigh ;
 The smallest of troubles affright her and fret her,
 And she groans o'er misfortunes that never beset
 her.

You would think to behold her, so woefully mild,
 That she mourned for the loss of her favorite child ;
 While all that kind nature in wisdom has given
 Are happy and bright as the day-beams of heaven.

And now, my young captain in want of a mate
 For the old but staunch ship, "The Connubial
 State,"

Thus interrogate her before you embark :

"Lovest thou, my dear Fanny, to sit in the dark ?"
 And except her reply be emphatically, "No,"
 She'll quail when the winds of adversity blow.

**Prayer of the Rich Man for the Poor on
Christmas Eve, 1878.**

Father, I thank thee for my ample store,
 Though some less worthy have been given more !
 I thank thee, Father, for a heart to feel
 The wounds of others, in a wish to heal ;
 How oft have I, appealing to thy throne,
 Engross'd in others' weal, forgot my own :
 But be it ever so ; for thou wilt not
 Forget him, Lord, who has himself forgot.
 On this, the eve of that auspicious morn
 When Christ, our Saviour, in the flesh was born ;
 Eve of compassion for the child of need,
 To clothe, if naked, and if hungry, feed,
 For low-born poverty I supplicate
 Such frugal blessings as beseem the state,
 That little wanted by the rude to be
 As blest as I in my refined degree.
 I would not, Lord, beget unknown desires
 By granting more than sorest want requires ;
 For in the vulgar, more than higher state
 New wants are born of wants that we abate.
 But, Lord, be merciful, and give them bread,
 Let none this night go supperless to bed,
 Nor rise to fast—let all be amply fed.
 Fain would I pass this night from door to door
 Dispensing blessings to the worthy poor :
 But, Lord, I cannot, dare not so reveal,
 A want of faith in thee to guard their weal.

But, having thus my sympathy express'd—
 My deep compassion—I retire to rest,
 Trusting in him who sees the sparrow fall,
 To know the wants of each and succor all :
 But whether, Lord, thou feedest the poor or not,
 Forget not those who have themselves forgot.

A Character Frequently Found.

To those who in standing financial excel him
 He is servile and fawning, would kiss where they
 tell him ;
 To those who in standing pecuniary match him
 He is social and surly in turns as they catch him ;
 But those by misfortune to penury bound,
 O, Providence, shield from this insolent hound !
 But few in that station, if any, than he
 More plainly beseem the unwelcome degree ;
 And such is his place. His egregious conceit
 Makes life in the sorest of penury sweet.
 He doubts the creation of this little planet
 Had long been accomplish'd when he came—to
 man it,
 And fancies the theory convincingly strong
 That it could not have wanted his influence long ;
 But how it will want him when called to the task
 Is a question he has not the courage to ask.

Imagination.

Eternal foundation of ethereal joy,
 Imagination, what had been my life
 Hadst thou not been my refuge in distress,
 My haven in the storms of human life.
 How often hast thou carried me away
 From cruel poverty's belittling cares,
 Leaving a while the perishable husk
 Of immortality, to be resumed.
 And not unfrequent in my hours of toil,
 Mated with others of prosaic thought,
 Or under the restraint imposed on speech
 By galling servitude, or when alone,
 I with an errant comet for my steed,
 Have through inanity immense career'd ;
 Urging my courser to the speed of thought,
 Shot through his orbit of a thousand years
 In a few seconds—but, alas ! returned,
 O'er my degraded lot wept tears of blood.

To a Miser.

"There is a tear for all that die,"
 So Byron wrote. If true it be,
 Some blear, old money-hunting eye,
 Will pay that tribute small to thee."

Character of Mr. P.

Master of arts to seem was Mr. P.,
 Profound in cunning and hypocrisy ;
 Pride, selfishness, hypocrisy and guile,
 The first voluptuous as the others vile,
 Were his chief attributes, nor had he more,
 Save but the bastard offsprings of the four.
 His was an arm that stretch'd not to relieve,
 A hand that open'd only to receive :
 To rob a wife in labor of her bed,
 And snatch the pillow from a dying head,
 Are feats for which he was sublimely fit,
 When clad in mail, with arms and legal writ ;
 But wanting these, he wanted heart to dare
 What outraged manhood could not tamely bear.

Epitaph

ON A MAN WHO PRETENDED TO BE A GREAT
 HUNTER, AND WHO DELIGHTED IN TELL-
 ING HIS WONDERFUL ADVENTURRS.

Here lies a hunter great, to whom Rob Roy,
 Or Nimrod's self, was an apprentice boy ;
 The bears and wolves and panthers he has shot
 Could eat at once the deer that he has not.

To Harper Brothers, New York.

ON RECEIVING FROM THEM A REJECTED POEM.

Gentlemen :—

As story says, a Grecian throng
 A speaker loudly cheer'd and long ;
 And he, with proud, enraptured gaze,
 Inhaled the sweet perfume of praise :
 But when the votaries of his cause
 Had ceased their loud, prolonged applause,
 A sage in the assembled crowd
 Exclaimed, in accents stern and loud :
 " In truth, if thou hadst wisely spoken,
 This audience had not silence broken."
 I hence infer that the reverse
 Is true of my rejected verse :
 Had I less "wisely" poetized it,
 You surely had not thus despised it.

Henry K. White.

Man of the world, whose tears for perished worth
 Abate the loud demands of wealth and birth,
 If thou for genius bright
 Hast one to spare,
 Go to the grave of White
 And weep it there.

Reply

TO A FOPPISH STUDENT OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL, WHO
HEARING ANOTHER STUDENT MAKE COMMENDA-
TORY REFERENCE TO SOME LINES I HAD SHOWN
HIM, JEERINGLY TOLD ME NOT TO HIDE
MY LIGHT UNDER A BUSHEL, BUT EDIFY
THE COMPANY WITH SOME OF MY
HIGH POETRY.

The Bible tells us not to put
Our lamp beneath a bushel ; but
Avails it whether so conceal'd
Or unto sightless eyes revealed.

Opportunities Lost.

A traveller entering on a leafless waste,
From a luxuriant landscape, look'd behind,
And sighed for prospects he had pass'd in haste,
To more enchanting scenes he thought to find.

So when we enter life's autumnal years,
Compared with sunny youth, so bleak and void,
We look behind us through a mist of tears,
At life's fair prospects we but half enjoy'd.

Funeral Notices.

How strange that death should always strike
The man that others vastly like ;
While countless thousands disrespected,
Are by that friendless state protected
From his assault : but it is true,
That he is wonted so to do ;
For every funeral notice ends :
“ Was much esteem’d by many friends.”

**Lines written in a Young Lady's Autograph
Album.**

As life's now partly written sheet
Is fill'd, as day and night repeat,
In each succeeding line,
May faith and hope divine
And sinless pleasure meet.

The Swan and the Turkeys.

A FABLE.

When the achievements of the immortal Columbus were yet in the womb of futurity, and the islands of unexplored seas were arrayed in all the wild grandeur of unravished nature, on one little, isolated island dwelt a community of swans—beautiful, white, singing swans. Although these birds were aware of the existence of other birds on other islands, from the tales of wandering swans, they had no intercourse with any creature inferior to themselves; and as beauty and gracefulness were their every-day attire, and their inward nature equal to their external appearance, they consequently were less conscious of their own attractiveness, and, therefore, their love of admiration and praise was not very great. But although this was generally true, it was not true in every case; there was one notable exception, which is the subject of my tale. This was a young swan, who was fully conscious of himself. As there were many others of equal beauty and attractiveness, he drew far less attention and adulation from his associates than he yearned to enjoy. But he did not blame them; he knew the cause; he knew there were many swans who differed from him only in being less fond of adulation, and in being content with their share of the whole which they unitedly bestowed on their own

superior race. Now, it was known to these swans that there was another island lying about as far from them as a swan could fly in a day, and this island was inhabited by a bird called a turkey—a bird far inferior to themselves—a coarse, ungainly, unmusical bird, but of kindly disposition. These facts had been gained from some swans who had visited the island and stayed over night, and it was said that the turkeys made much ado over their strange, white visitors. Now this young swan conceived that it would be more pleasing to him to live with these turkeys, and be worshipped and idolized by them, than to live with his own kind; and he would leave nothing behind him worthy of his notice, for in himself he would take away all the highest attributes of his race, and he felt sure that the turkeys would have no other gods but one when he arrived and made known his purpose of living among them. When he expressed his views to his associates, the younger ones laughed at him, but the old swans gravely rebuked his wild and foolish notions; but they could not deter him from going to the land of turkeys. When they saw him resolved to go, they told him very gravely that he should never return; that if he did, they would pluck every feather off his body, and hold him up to the contempt of all. If a chance of deterring him yet remained, this sarcastic threat snatched it away, for he was not the kind to be restrained by fear, and the next morning at sunrise he bid adieu to

his old companions and all, and spreading his white wings to the morning sun he sped like an arrow to the isle of turkeys. We will now leave swan island, as our hero has done, and like him we will never return to it again. As his strong pinions bore him along through the yielding air, from the isle of his birth to that of his adoption, he mused on his reception by the turkeys, and the adulation they would lavish on a bird so much their inferior. It was late in the afternoon when he arrived at his new home, and seeing a large flock of turkeys on the shore he alighted among them, and saluting them in his blandest and most captivating style, made known at once his mission; and at the close of his short but eloquent address, in which he elevated them much above their turkey nature, he was adopted by acclamation.

For a few days all went well, and the swan thought he had done well; for although his hopes had not been fully realized, he was sure their love and respect for him would increase as the higher attributes of his race, which he possessed in a high degree, became known and understood. But the realization of hope born of passionate desire is too frequently without the circle of probability, and not unfrequently that of possibility; and of this the swan had an illustration.

It soon became evident that curiosity and his own flattering address delivered at their first meeting were chiefly instrumental in securing him the

attention he thus far enjoyed, and that the qualities by which he thought to win their applause and admiration had no existence in their minds, and that they expected as much, if not more, from him, than he did from them. He next assigned himself the task of enlightening his new friends, with little idea of its magnitude; and to make it as agreeable as possible, he proposed to deliver lectures daily on interesting subjects. To this they consented, and the next day he addressed them on metaphysics; but the physic was powerless, and the next day, when he was about to address them on cosmography, one of them moved to postpone the lecture and have a gobbling match, to see who could gobble the loudest and longest. This was answered by a gobble all round, and that was the end of the course of lectures. The swan was now compelled not only to hear, but to applaud the most horrible din he had ever heard.

The cup of his disgust was now full; and the thought of going back to his native isle was forced upon him, but he indulged it not a moment. He had no doubt that a candid confession of his folly would secure his forgiveness at once; but he could not stoop to it, so he resigned himself to his fate. But he still strove to make an impression on their stupid minds. One day, when the sea was rough, he amused himself and them by flying out on the sea and riding in on the crest of the waves. A turkey-cock present—the one that

won the gobbling match—came forward and said there was no trick in that; he could do it himself; and at it he went; but he took care not to go out more than four or five times the amplitude of the wave. But as soon as he alighted he turned keel uppermost, and as the waves brought him in his feet were now and then seen bobbing out of the water. When the waves threw him on the shore he cut a nice figure for a proud, conceited turkey-cock. His wet, matted feathers pointed in all directions; his tail feathers were broken and lay on his back, while the top of his head was bald and bleeding by being dragged on the bottom. At this adventure his turkey friends laughed till the shore resounded, but the white foreigner, fearing the consequence of laughing at this bully's mishap, tried to look grave; but a smile could not be suppressed. The turkey saw that smile, and it was enough. Giving himself a shake or two to arrange his disordered feathers, he rushed at the swan. From this assault our hero took refuge on the same element that had brought him into trouble, knowing that his assailant would not follow him there. Now began a parley. The turkeys, seeing the prospect of a fight, urged him to come ashore, but he declined to fight, just as a well-bred and educated man would decline to fight a rough, or to fight any man. This the turkeys attributed to cowardice, for they could see no other motive, and began at once to laugh at him and call him a coward, and

all manner of insulting names, during which time the offended turkey strutted to and fro on the shore, making the most furious demonstrations of what he would do to the swan if he would come ashore, to which the swan sarcastically replied, "I'll meet you half way." This hit at his adventure made him boil over with rage, and he delivered himself as follows:—"If you dar come ashore, you long, crooked-necked *****, I'll punch the liver out of you. You'd better not get up to preach mography to us any more; be off home, and preach your cuss'd mography to your own cuss'd kind. I could lick a dozen such chaps as you to onst. If I had a hold on you, I'd twist your bloody long neck for you, so I would." After this he cooled down, for rage will exhaust itself even in a turkey, as well as in men of the turkey grade, and the swan was permitted to come on shore without being assailed. But his last hope perished here; the turkeys not only thought they were his equal, but some of them, not a few, thought they were far his superior, and would often strut by him without acknowledging his presence. But he felt only pity for the contemptible fops. None of the turkeys any more sought his company, and he now had to follow them or be left alone, and he nearly always chose the latter. He wandered much by himself, and sang to himself, but his songs were not such as he sung in his native isle, when his heart was yet unknown to the lust of worldly ambition; they were songs

of a heart full to overflowing with bitterness. The following lines are part of one of his lonely musings :—

Weary of life, I ponder o'er
 The mystery that involves the dead ;
 My feet impatient to explore
 The ground that mortals shrink to tread.

He pined away, and ere he had reached the meridian of swan life he felt the approach of the grim but welcome deliverer, death ; and in his last unhappy moments the spirit of a departed swan, perhaps his mother, hovered over him, waiting to escort him to that "happier island in a watery waste ;" and as it hovered it sung, and the last words that fell on the ear of the dying swan were :—

Till eagle's wings bear turkeys through the skies,
 Shall turkeys see not but with turkeys eyes.

The Biter Bit.

Mr. Isaac Bobbington kept his life insured for a very large sum, and he never went on board a steamboat or a car without taking an accident ticket for about twenty thousand, leaving the ticket with his loving and very beloved wife, so that if he lost his life she would receive a small compensation for her great loss. One day, after the usual precaution, he went on board a Mis-

Mississippi steamboat. That evening, as it was growing dark, and when they were near the shore, the boiler exploded, and many were killed or drowned. Mr. Bobbington received no injury, and, being a good swimmer, he swam ashore. Starting down the river to give the alarm, he had not gone far when the headless body of an unfortunate man was washed ashore at his feet. He looked at it sadly and wondered whether or not he had taken an accident ticket. Suddenly it came to him like a revelation that he had not; and he thought what a great pity that such a splendid opportunity of realizing the benefit of an accident ticket should be forever lost. As he mused thus, it struck him that it was his duty to counteract as far as he could the evil consequences of this man's neglect. So, under cover of darkness, he changed suits with the dead man, leaving his own pocket book, with a number of papers bearing his name and a small sum of money and some small articles on the body, and taking with him the unfortunate's pocket-book, well filled with bills, and a small bag of gold, he started for the nearest town on the "double quick." He there drew on his little bag for a new suit, and, after putting himself in gala trim, he took train for a city at some distance from home, and took rooms at a first-class hotel, and, ordering two or three daily papers, prepared to make himself comfortable. He waited anxiously for a list of the killed, and when it came it contained the name

of Mr. Isaac Bobbington, whose body, wanting the head, was washed ashore about forty rods below where the explosion took place. The next day he read of the funeral and the great grief of Mrs. Bobbington. He pitied her very much, but he felt she would be amply rewarded for her grief in the "sweet bye and bye," when they got all that money and got away to some strange city. He now waited anxiously for the settlement of the claims. But he had to wait long. It was three or four months before he saw them mentioned in the papers. But at last he was rejoiced to read that Mrs. Bobbington's claim of about forty thousand had been paid. He now grew uneasy. The thought of so much money being paid into his house, and he away, was hard to bear. But something must be done now. "The fruit is ripe, and it must be gathered," he thought to himself, and he concluded to write to his wife and tell her his trick, and instruct her to sell out and come to him. Then he thought of her great joy at receiving his letter, and her reply bubbling with delight. So he sent her a letter, telling her all, and waited with the utmost impatience for a reply. It came, and ran as follows:—

"O, you audacious old scoundrel! How dare you attempt to impose on a lone woman in such a way. It was my own poor, dear husband that was brought home to me with his head blown off, so it was. Everybody knows that. You want to get hold of the few dollars that I got for the loss

of my dear, dear husband; but they are safe. I put them for safe keeping into the hands of a young gentleman who came to our town just after the death of my husband—a Mr. Thottle—and he is going to operate on stocks with them. He also has charge of all my affairs, and if you come here he will take charge of you. Now, if you write to me again, I will send the police force after you, now mind, I will.—MRS. BOBBINGTON.”

When Mr. Bobbington read this, he felt as though his heart had been suddenly immersed in ice water. He grew dizzy and staggered to a chair and fell into it with a groan. Had she made no mention of Mr. Thottle he would have concluded that she believed herself to be the intended victim of some desperate villain, for guilty as he was himself, he trusted in his wife as a little child trusts its mother. But the thought of Mr. Thottle, a stranger, being the guardian of his wife, and “operating on stocks” with his money, was enough to disturb his mental balance, and he cursed stock, insurance companies and steamboats, and wished his head had been blown off instead of the stranger’s. The next day, having recovered his self-possession in some degree, he read in his daily paper the following paragraph:

“We are glad to learn that Mrs. Bobbington, the widow of the late lamented Isaac Bobbington, has been prevailed upon to take a trip to the seaside to recover her health after her severe prostration caused by the death of her husband. She

goes in company with Mr. Thottle and his sister, Mary Thottle. They start next week. A happy journey to them."

"Curse the Thottles! Could she not go without them," said Mr. Bobbington to himself, after he had read the paragraph. "But I have it now. I'll meet her at the seaside when she is alone, and when she sees me it will be all right," and he felt a feeling that, compared with his feelings of the last twenty-four hours, had a remote likeness to pleasure. They started on the trip, and so did he; and, after much watching and waiting, he at length met her sufficiently aside to converse in common tones. His lips were parted to speak, when she threw up her arms and cried:

"Gracious heavens, his ghost!"

"No, no, my dear, I'm not a ghost; I'm your husband."

"You're not! you're not! I say you're not! you're a ghost! Don't come an inch nearer me, or I'll scream for Mr. Thottle. You were brought home with your head blown off, and I buried you decently, and there are hundreds of people to prove it; and what do you want to haunt me for? Haven't I mourned enough for you? Don't everyone say that I nearly mourned myself to death? Didn't I spend fifty dollars in mourning, and didn't I weep every day till Mr. Thottle came to me and told me that it was a sin and a folly to mourn so much for a thing that Providence had willed? And now, after being mourned for in the

latest style for more than six months, you want to come back ; but I tell you plainly, after mourning so long, I will not be disappointed now, so there now."

At this Mrs. B. turned and fled like a deer, and before Mr. B. could rally his bewildered senses she was out of sight. Mr. B. now saw the true state of affairs, and that he had his choice of two evils, namely, to submit to the new order of things, or disturb that order by a full exposure. He chose the latter, and started at once for the insurance office. When he arrived he looked so much like an escaped lunatic that he had some difficulty in getting an audience with the Manager, who listened to him for a minute, and then beckoned to a policeman who was passing, ordered him to take that man to the asylum to await further examination, and when that time came he was thoroughly qualified to pass muster, and a singular feature of his derangement was that he believed he had no head.



The *Gift of Flowers* From My Intended Wife.

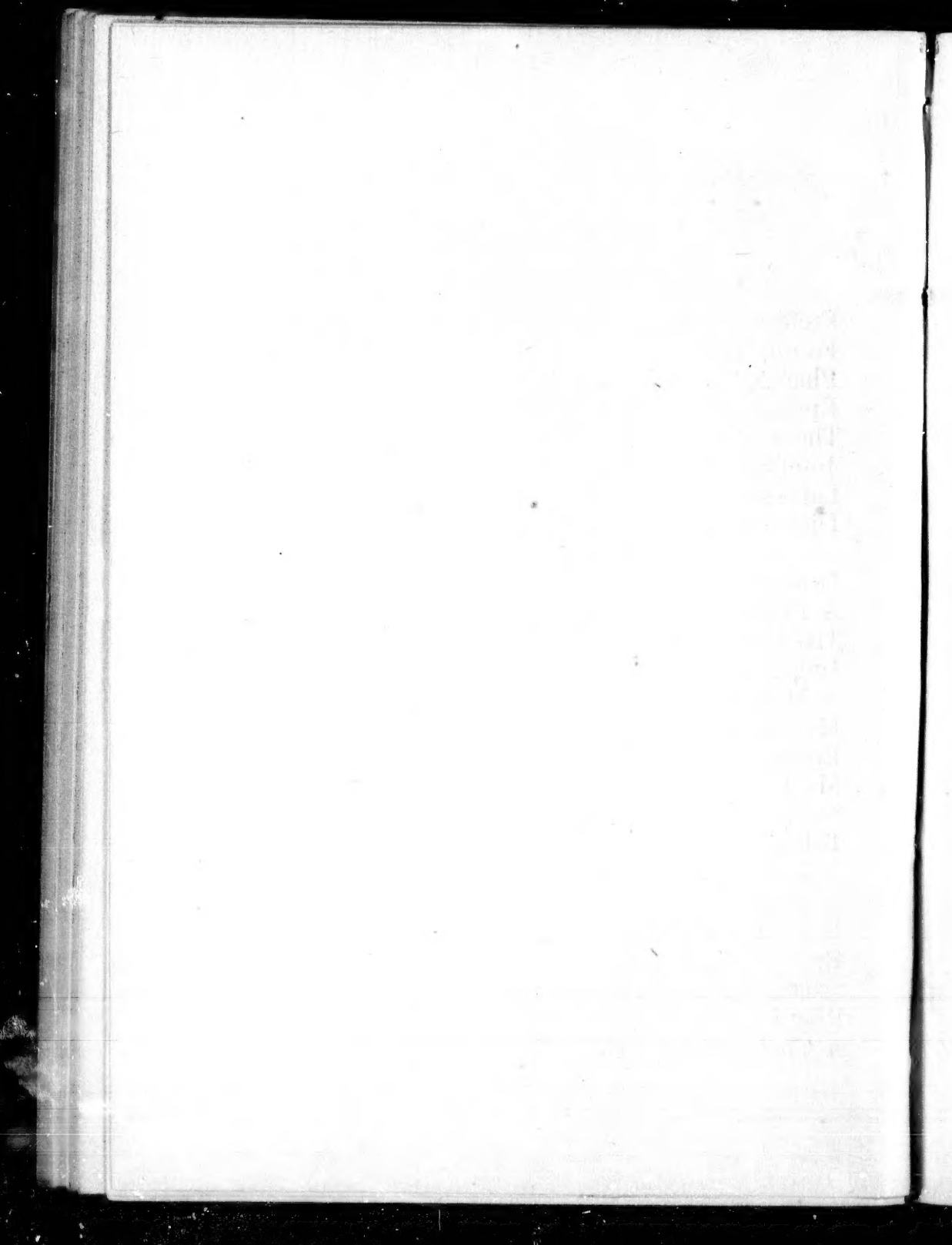
The little flowers thou gav'st to me
Are faded, and their beauty fled ;
But shrunk and withered though they be
They still their wonted fragrance shed.

Thus, Bella, may it be with thee
When years external charms erase ;
May virtue and fidelity
Remain thy still surviving grace.

That when thy lovely youth is past,
With all its fond, alluring charms,
May that which heaven designed to last,
Preserve thee welcome to my arms.



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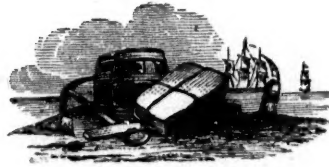


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